

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 51—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY,
February 22.—At Three.—The SEVENTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Overture, "Andromeda," in E, composed for these concerts, first time of performance (Henry Gadsby); Overture, "Guillaume Tell" (Rossini); Prayer from "Rienzi" and Liebelled from "Die Walkure" (Wagner)—Mdlle. Rizzarelli, Herr Franz Diener, and Signor Foll. Full Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Single stalls, Half-a-Crown; Transferable Stall Tickets for the Nine Concerts, One Guinea. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, FEB. 26.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.
—Under the direction of Mr. John Boosey.—Notice.—There will be NO CONCERT on ASH WEDNESDAY, Feb. 26. The last two evening concerts will be given on WEDNESDAYS, March 5 and 12. The following artists will appear on March 5—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Santley. The London Orpheus Quartet. Pianoforte—Mr. Sidney Smith. Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hutton and Mr. Lutz. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (for four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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and

His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Sir STERNDALDE BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening, the 27th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

By Order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. Under the immediate patronage and sanction of the Council of the Royal Albert Hall. SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, Feb. 26. Handel's "MESSIAH." Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Emily Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foll. Solo Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper. Organist—Dr. Stainer. Band and Chorus of 1200. Loggia (to hold eight persons), 22 10s.; Boxes (Grand Tier), 23 3s.; Boxes (Upper Tier), 21 10s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Arena Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets, of Novello, Ewer & Co., 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry, E.C.; the usual Agents; and at the Royal Albert Hall. An extra Ticket will be given to Subscribers now joining.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR CONCERT, on THURSDAY Evening next, February 27, at Eight o'clock. The Programme will consist of works by Italian and English Composers. Soloists—Mdlle. Nita Gaetano, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Henry Holmes. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Stall Subscription to the Four Concerts, One Guinea. Tickets at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and all the principal Music Publishers.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S NINTH ANNUAL ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, Friday Evening, Feb. 28. ST. JAMES'S HALL. Half-past Eight. List, 13th Psalm, (first performance in England.) Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Pianoforte—Mr. Walter Bache. Wagner's Huldigungs-Marsch (first time), &c. Vocalists—Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Georgina Mansley, Mr. Henry Guy. Principal Violin—Herr Straus. Accompanist—Dr. Hamp. Conductors—Mr. Manns and Mr. Walter Bache. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA AND MADAME MARTORELLI GARCIA have returned to London to resume their Professional Engagements. For Concerts, Oratorios, and Pupils, address, 17, Lanark Villas, Maida Hill, W.

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WAGNER SOCIETY, ST. JAMES'S HALL, March 6.—Same Programme as on Feb. 20. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.—President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. SEVENTH SEASON, 1873.—The Concerts of this Society will be held as follows, viz.:

38th do. Wednesday, April 2nd.

39th do. Wednesday, May 14th.

40th do. Wednesday, June 18th.

Full Prospectus is now ready, and may be obtained of Messrs. D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, and Messrs. CRAMER, WOOD & Co., 201, Regent Street. H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

MISS ELIZA HEYWOOD will sing the Contralto Music in "ISRAEL IN EGYPT," at Glasgow, March 19th. Third Engagement this season.

"THE SNAPPED THREAD" (the favourite Spinning Song, by Elsie), will be sung by Madame SAUERBREY, at Herr Piezonka's Second Pianoforte Recital, Victoria Hall, Bayswater, This Evening, February 22.

MADAME SAUERBREY AND MADAME BAUM will sing Henry Smart's admired Duettino, "MAY," at Herr Piezonka's Second Pianoforte Recital, Victoria Hall, Bayswater, This Evening, February 22.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MADAME JOHN CHESHIRE (née MATILDE BAXTER) will perform Ascher's "ALICE," at the Grand Concert given under the patronage of the Directors of the Great Western Railway, at Swindon, on the 26th instant.

"MARY DEAR."

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the admired song, "MARY DEAR," during his engagement in Glasgow and other towns in Scotland, during the present month.

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TESTIMONIAL TO MR. VAN PRAAG.

MR. VAN PRAAG, who has been for many years past well known to the members of the Musical Profession, and the public, as holding a responsible position at the principal Concert-rooms of the West End, is now, in his 74th year, and left without the means of sustenance and support. In addition to his failing health and strength, he has also recently become a widower, and is, by this sad bereavement, left alone, with not a relative in England to aid or take care of him. He has children in California who wish him to go out to them, and it is his own desire, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, to do so. Want of means for undertaking so long and expensive a journey, which his children are unable to supply, however, preclude the possibility of his leaving England. Under these sad circumstances, a few friends, well able to bear witness to his respectability, honesty, and courtesy in the discharge of the duties he has so "well and worthily fulfilled," are anxious to raise a Subscription in his behalf, to which contributions are earnestly and respectfully requested.

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* The above gentlemen (to whom references are permitted) are willing to receive contributions in Mr. Van Praag's behalf.

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WORDS BY

(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

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EMILE BERGER.



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birdies sing;

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

By mossy bank and grassy braid,

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

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AT THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS,

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ANOTHER WORLD.*

(From the "Saturday Review.")

This is a very curious book, very clearly written, but the exact purport of which it is somewhat hard to understand. "Hermes," whose name appears on the title-page, is ostensibly the editor, not the author, of the fragments of which the work is composed, and which are all uttered by a sage who speaks in the first person, and who, we are to understand, was once, and perhaps is still, the ruler of a planet belonging to our solar system. How the editor received the communications of this mysterious person he does not profess to explain; but, either in solemn earnest or with grave sustained irony, he would urgently dissuade the reader from setting down any of the revelations to the account of a wandering imagination.

From what we have said, many readers in this table-rapping age will be inclined to think that we have here one of those spiritual manifestations which are fast taking a place among the bores of the period. But there is nothing in common between the random utterances of supposed spirits, and the plain, matter-of-fact, and even minute descriptions given by the sage in his fragments. Though he himself, as it seems, organised the polity by which his planet is governed, and though his narrative consists in a great measure of a record of his own legislative labours, there is nothing rhapsodical or enthusiastic in his style; he talks about his kingdom of Montalluyah, as a Japanese ambassador might talk about Japan. About a spiritual world he does not profess to discourse. The citizens of Montalluyah live longer than we do, but they are equally mortal—human beings to all intents and purposes, who, thanks to their legislator, have attained a degree of civilization superior in many respects to our own. In describing the manners and customs of this "other world," the narrator does not quit the topics to which earthly thinkers are accustomed. Health, education, marriage, the removal of disease, the prevention of crime, the employment of physical agencies, all come under consideration; and, however strange some of the "revelations" may be, they can seldom be called fantastic. "Hermes," indeed, far from wishing to be conspicuous as a dealer in the marvellous, seems to have published the words of his supposed instructor with a view of furnishing some useful hints to his less enlightened brethren, who, when they learn how things are managed in Montalluyah, may find reason for imitation:—

"Let all (he says in his preface) taste the fruit, though they do not behold the tree; profit by the diamonds, though they know not how they were extracted from the mine; accept what is found to be wholesome and fortifying in the waters, though the source of the river is unknown."

Montalluyah, then, we may assume, is a Utopia, but the account of it differs herein from that of many other Utopias, that apparently it is almost entirely devoid of satire. Nor is it the sole, though it is the chief, object of "Hermes" to hold forth a model of imitation. He describes animals, plants, and minerals to which nothing corresponds among the objects to be found on earth, and the gravity with which the descriptions are given is most remarkable. If, while repeating the words of the narrator, the "editor" is laughing in his sleeve at the reader, it must be admitted that the use of the sleeve is most efficacious.

Let the book speak for itself. We set down what we gather here and there without the interruption of comment, accepting the narrator of the fragments for the nonce as a veritable and veracious historian. Montalluyah is not only the chief city in the world in question, but its name extends to the entire planet, in which there is but one kingdom, governed by a Supreme Ruler, with the strange title "Tootmanyoso," and by twelve inferior kings. In religion, the people who inhabit it are rigidly monotheistic. In ancient times, it seems, the powers of nature were worshipped until a purer faith was introduced by a mythical sage named Elikoiah, who is only incidentally mentioned, but who was evidently the founder of such civilization as pertained to the inhabitants when the narrator of the fragments, raised to the rank of Tootmanyoso, began his work of reform.

According to mythological tradition, the chief antagonist of the venerable Elikoiah was the hippopotamus, who, in the early legends of Montalluyah, plays a part not altogether dissimilar to that of the serpent in the Mosaic record. However, it was afterwards discovered that this original foe to the mankind of the planet was capable of being utilized to an indefinite degree, and during the reign of the reforming Tootmanyoso it became one of the most valuable animals in the kingdom. The method of training the hippopotamus is described with as much minuteness as if the planetary speaker had an eye to the management of our Zoological Gardens. The reforms of the Tootmanyoso extended to every particular by which the moral or physical well-being of his people could be affected. Two principles mainly guided him. He

settled within himself that in all cases of crime or disease, prevention is better than cure, and also that for certain occupations certain persons were exclusively fitted. In these principles there is of course nothing novel; but the minuteness with which the account of their application is given is really surprising. Nothing is too great, nothing too small, for the solicitude of the Tootmanyoso. Now he constructs gigantic works, compared with which the Egyptian pyramids are mole-hills; now he promotes the use of machines to prevent babies from hurting themselves by tumbling on their heads. No one can be more perfectly aware than the Tootmanyoso himself, of the narrow frontier between the sublime and the ridiculous; but he answers scoffers by remarking that incalculable evil results from the neglect of "little things." Indeed, the education of children, upon the principle that evil ought to be destroyed in the germ, is with him an object of especial care; his whole proceeding being founded on the conviction that it is better to extirpate faults of the child than to punish crimes in the man. He founded a college of "character-divers," who, by a natural gift, aided by a peculiar discipline, were able to penetrate into the dispositions of the young, and thus to eradicate faults, to develop good qualities, and to guide instructors as to the sort of training suitable to each individual case. He also established "amusement galleries," where, in the intervals of study, children were allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations without restraint, thus facilitating the progress of the "character-divers" in their work of investigation.

The principle of putting the "right man" in the "right place" was pursued by the Tootmanyoso with a vigour which led to the minutest subdivision of labour. The profession of an oculist, for instance, extended, in his opinion, to far too large a subject for the exhaustive study of one man; and physicians were especially employed each in the care of some part of the eye, and so on in the various branches of medical science. One beneficial result of the minute subdivision of studies was an increased facility in the application of physical agencies, among which electricity holds a place so important, that it is scarcely too much to say that an electric fluid circulates through all the institutions of Montalluyah. Men of science in that favoured land have discovered that every kind of body or substance, whether animate or inanimate, contains an electricity of its own, and that these different electricities stand in the most varied relations to each other:—

"Some are diffused; some are concentrated; others are so tenacious of the body to which they belong that they are all but steadfast. Some are sympathetic; some antipathetic, attracting or repelling each other; some mingle gently; others, when brought into contact, cause violent explosions."

For what purposes these electricities—a large stock of which is preserved ready for use in a large "electric store-house"—may not be employed we cannot discover. By them bodies are lightened, the facilities of locomotion are increased, the germs of disease are eradicated, optical instruments are rendered more efficient, and musical instruments more delightful, flowers are made more beautiful, and photographic art is perfected. With such electricities as there are in Montalluyah, and with a Royal Society guided by such a Tootmanyoso, it is easy to believe that an antediluvian longevity is attained by nearly all the inhabitants, who at last die gently of old age. We can scarcely make out why they should die at all.

In illustration of one of the humblest uses to which electricity is applied, we give the statement of a "fact" and its result:—

"In my reign some interesting discoveries were made with regard to water. From a source situated in the midst of a lovely scene, flowed a spring of remarkably pure quality, some drops of which, taken at a distance, presented, when viewed through a microscope, a true picture of the landscape close to the source from whence they came. Rocks, trees, shrubs, sky, were there faithfully delineated with their varied forms and colours, together with the resemblances of two persons, lovers, seated on the banks. As we afterwards learned, they had been attracted by the beauty of the scene; had sat for a long time in the same place; and their portrait was, as it were, fixed on the water. The electricity of the sun and light had thrown the shadow or picture of the scene on the fluid, whose electricity had been sufficiently strong to retain it, and bear it to the spot whence the drops of water had been taken. This circumstance, and our knowledge that the reflecting power of the water is the result in part of its peculiar electricity, led to a very interesting discovery. With the assistance of a powerful attracting electric machine, we can produce, together with the surrounding landscape, the likeness of a person, or of a group, actually many miles from the machine, if near the water. The image is received on the reflecting mirror of the machine, and an artist immediately copies outlines and colours."

Even some of the spectacles presented in public for the amusement of the people are produced by electrical agency. The only art that does not greatly thrive is the dramatic. Innocent plays of a pastoral kind are indeed occasionally performed; but the tragic drama is extinct. Before the reign of the reformer there was probably a sort of Elizabethan era; and when he came to the throne plays based upon crime were commonly acted. But when, through the aid of "character-

* *Another World; or, Fragments from the Star City of Montalluyah.* Hermes. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

divers," electricity, &c., crime had fairly been driven beyond the boundary, tragedy became nearly unintelligible, the new generation being scarcely able to understand a plot relating to passions almost foreign to their nature.

So curious and so unconnected are the subjects set before us, that any selection we make must be by a somewhat haphazard process. Perhaps, as being a narrative complete in itself, and not resembling anything we have met in works of Oriental fiction, we shall not do wrong in giving the history of Allmanyuka. The people of Montalluyah, it seems, who are generally fond of good living, and have been encouraged, even by the reformer, in a taste for gorgeous costume, which is minutely described, were accustomed in the early part of the Tootmanyoso's reign to make liberal use of sauces seasoned with stimulating spice. An epidemic disease arose, and, by means of a microscope, (which was, of course, electrical,) was traced to the operation of unwholesome condiments. Not without misgivings, so generally was the taste for the spice diffused, did the Tootmanyoso forbid its use. The extreme heat of the climate rendered stimulants necessary, and there was no known fruit or vegetable that could have been used as a substitute for the prohibited kind. The injurious condiments were indeed secured in large warehouses, and placed under the charge of the inferior kings before mentioned; but the Tootmanyoso was aware that, unless some new stimulant was discovered, the serpent would have been scotched, not killed. He shut himself up in a little cabinet, at the summit of his palace, and passed some hours in meditation and prayer. At last a light burst upon him, and, having provided his people with a temporary cordial, he gathered a vegetable which bears the name Japperhanka and has a rich creamy taste, and grafted it on a tree called the Klook, the fruit of which has a sour aromatic flavour. By this combination he succeeded in growing a small vegetable uniting the flavour of cream with the piquancy of lemon, but lacking the stimulating qualities of the prohibited article. Into the seed of this new vegetable, therefore, in which an incision had been made, were inserted particles extracted from the seed of every spice-plant, and the care of the preparation was entrusted to the principal gardener; who, after a while, came to his master with the intelligence that a little bud was bursting forth in the urn in which the seed had been sown. In about three years fruit made its appearance, and the first specimen was brought in by the gardener, in a basket, beautiful even for Montalluyah, where basket-work is carried to perfection. On perceiving the contents of the basket the Tootmanyoso uttered "such a cry of joy as might escape a parent on finding a long-lost child." The first cooking of this precious product was not to be entrusted to the care of an ordinary chef. The Tootmanyoso, having ordered a small bird to be got ready, made, with his own hands, the sauce on which so much depended. The success was beyond expectation. So exquisitely appetizing was the condiment, that an epicure (the word is known in Montalluyah) might easily be tempted to eat the vegetable without the addition of the meat. Afterwards the fruit was extensively cultivated, declared wholesome by the new infallible doctors, and relished by all the people, who were loud in their manifestations of gratitude. As for the great inventor, he betook himself to the harp, and sang hymns of thanksgiving. The harp, it is to be observed, is in Montalluyah, the chief of all instruments, and a very magnificent instrument it is:—

"Around its framework most elegant and tasteful ornaments are executed with the minutest perfection—small birds of variegated plumage perched on graceful foliage of green enamel, with flowers in their natural colours, so executed as closely to resemble nature. The birds, flowers, and foliage are connected with the chords of the harp, and conceal from view small vases or reservoirs, set in the framework of the instrument. From these, with every touch of the chords, a beautiful fragrance is exhaled, the force or delicacy of which depends on the more powerful or gentler strains produced from the instrument.

"The instant the player strikes the chords, the light birds open their wings, the flowers quiver in gentle action, and then from the vases are thrown off jets of perfume. The more strongly the chords are touched, the more powerfully does the fragrance play around.

"In tender passages the perfume gradually dies away, till it becomes so faint as to be appreciated only by the most delicate organizations. The result, however, is, that the sense is gratified, the heart touched, and the whole soul is elevated."

As the Tootmanyoso generally speaks with an eye to our earth, shall we hazard a conjecture that in the description of the fruit-vegetable "Allmanyuka" he intends a parable for the edification of teetotalers, hinting that before they attempt utterly to banish alcohol, they had better invent some wholesome stimulant with which even the most ardent advocate of permissive licences would not presume to interfere?

When we conclude with stating that the chapters, forty-seven in number, describe (*inter alia*) a suspended mountain which threatened to tumble down and crush all Montalluyah, till the Tootmanyoso propped

it up with a colossal mountain-supporter; the extensive use made of the microscope; the detection of incipient insanity; the rules observed in regulating the choice of a husband; the marriage ceremony; the language of flowers, elaborated to a high degree of perfection; the means employed for the cultivation of babyhood; ships of swan-like form that are incapable of sinking, and the hippopotamus, we have said enough to show that this odd book possesses at least the charm of variety, and is likely to contain hints on a vast number of subjects of interest to mankind.

MR. CLAY'S MUSIC TO *ORIANA*.

Mr. Frederic Clay has a well-grounded right to respectful consideration whenever he chooses to put forward music of this class. Gifted with the rare power of discerning precisely where his strength lies, he has so cultivated the talent here illustrated that nothing from his pen can be without its interest, nor, judging by past achievement, without its merit. The music to *Oriana* is worthy of anything in Mr. Clay's previous career as a writer of music equivalent to the *vers de société* of another art. It is tuneful, expressive, and artistic, to a degree which lifts the composer quite out of the ranks of amateurs, and entitles him to professional honours. Who will say that the credit justly due to success in Mr. Clay's special department is not great? Music such as he excels in writing demands fancy and skill of no ordinary kind, and great advantage accrues to art when those who compose it are musicians as well as melodists. Mr. Clay's ability appears at once in the orchestral introduction to *Oriana*—an introduction as poetically suggestive as it is charmingly laid out for the instruments. Not less effective, in another way, is the air known as "The King's Air," and first heard in chorus to the words, "Royal Raymond, happy King." Broadly phrased and plainly harmonised, this piece is one of those triumphs of simplicity which are more difficult to achieve than successes of a pretentious order. Its theme, once heard, haunts the ear, and cannot be got rid of without effort. The spirit chorus, "Here, here, here," with its tripping six-eight rhythm and characteristic harp accompaniment, is another important feature; but even more popular will be the King's song, "Shepherd Prince, thy choice was right." This is written so much in Mr. Clay's best style and most graceful mood that its speedy publication in a separate form may be looked for. A second spirit chorus, "Above, below, and all around," excels the first in point of suggestiveness, and is also remarkable for a violin *obbligato*, *con sordini*, which runs its rapid course through the entire piece in the most delicate manner conceivable. The *obbligato* was a "happy thought" of Mr. Clay's, and is carried out so as to give exactly the "local colour" required. The music is made otherwise attractive by unaffected melody and unforced harmony. Less striking, perhaps, is the "Lullaby" chorus; but the music to *Oriana*'s song, "The moon fell in love with a pea-green cat," shows a thorough appreciation of grotesque humour, and an ability to aid its expression, such as Mr. Clay has often manifested before, and such as he manifests again in "We are virgins, young and shy." We unhesitatingly place the last among the very best numbers in the work. Its seriousness is the essence of fun, and the essence of its seriousness is found in the cry, "Give us water," sung to a descending sequence of "sixths" with most dolorous effect. Passing over a flowing and tuneful duet for the King and Chloe, "But will you be always true," and the vigorous little chorus, thrice repeated, "Spirit of well, we come to the King's song, 'Happy arm that shall be placed,' an air, *tempo di valse*, with some effective points in the orchestration. This is followed by the second finale, "Call with trumpet, rouse with drum"—as martial and vigorous a strain as ever brought down the curtain upon success. Its well-marked rhythmical theme and inspiring treatment are exactly adapted to the situation. Chloe's song, "My love he has a fleecy form," with its characteristic oboe *obbligato*, is another success gained by the well-considered use of simple means. In this case, too, we notice the quiet humour which Mr. Clay can always throw into his music when occasion offers. One more number remains for notice. *Finita coronat opus*. It is the song, "I am weary of my life," sung by the King and answered by the chorus, "Oh! the world is well enough." For musicianly writing and truthful effect this is equal to anything Mr. Clay ever did—nay more, it is equal to the best things of its kind, be the author who he may. To sum up, we regard the music of *Oriana* as of more than common importance, not merely for its own sake, but for the influence exercised by every success of the kind. Having no English opera, it is to those works that we must look for the encouragement of dramatic composition; and every increase of the esteem in which they are held will tend, among other things, to ensure for them attention such as will not rest satisfied with an inefficient performance. Keeping this object in view, as well as the honour due to a success, we have noticed Mr. Clay's music in the detail it deserves.—*Daily Telegraph*.

HERR JOACHIM.

Herr Joseph Joachim made his first appearance for the present season, on Saturday afternoon, at the sixteenth Crystal Palace concert. The music-room was densely crowded in every part, and the welcome accorded to the greatest of living violinists was, as he had a full right to expect, in the highest degree enthusiastic. When he appeared on the platform, applause broke out from all sides. Scarcely a pair of hands seemed to be inactive in this hearty and tumultuous greeting. A bare record of the fact that Herr Joachim selected Mendelssohn's violin concerto for the occasion might suffice. But, often, as he has played this admirable work in public, he has, perhaps, never before played it so sublimely from beginning to end. Passing over the opening *allegro molto*, which was delivered with the fire and impassioned energy it demands, the *andante*, which charms no less by its simplicity than by its uninterrupted flow of melody—melody as "Orphean" as that of Mozart himself—was a model of pure, unaffected expression not to be surpassed; while the execution of the last movement ("allegro molto vivace"), the rapid pace at which it was taken borne in mind, was, to say nothing else, one of the most prodigious achievements of mechanical skill of which we have any recollection. Some earnest critics have maintained that this movement ought not to be taken at so great a speed; but it belongs essentially to the family of "scherzi," of which Mendelssohn was the inventor, and of which he left so many wonderful examples; and there are not a few, even in this country, who can remember—on Mendelssohn being asked how fast this *scherzo*, among others, should be taken—his curt and emphatic answer—"As fast as possible if only the notes are there." Herr Joachim fulfils each bequest of the master, to whose counsel, when a very young man, he owed so much. He can execute the *finale* precisely in the way in which its composer conceived it, and that without a single note missed from the passages of most velocity, or a single mark of emphasis or of expression being overlooked. All, in short, is there. The applause was so loud and unanimous after each movement that Herr Joachim found some difficulty in complying with Mendelssohn's expressed desire, that one movement should flow into the other without stop—"without let or hindrance," as the elder writers on music would have phrased it. At the end of the performance there was another demonstration, no less hearty, spontaneous, and general than the first; and Herr Joachim retired from the platform with new and well-earned honours. It is only just to Mr. Manns and his excellent band of instrumentalists to say, that the accompaniments to Mendelssohn's concerto were never, in our remembrance, played in more absolute perfection.

In place of the Symphony at this concert we had the "Serenade" in D major, for full orchestra, by Herr Johannes Brahms, from whom, after the strong and marked eulogy of Robert Schumann, so much was expected; but who, nevertheless, although an earnest and indefatigable worker, has hardly done enough to justify Schumann's praises, or to win for himself a conspicuous artistic position away from the country of his birth. It is not because the works of Herr Brahms have remained in manuscript, like those genuine treasures of Franz Schubert, for an acquaintance with which we owe so much to the directors of the Crystal Palace and their indefatigable agents, Messrs. George Grove and A. Manns. A very considerable number of the most important of them are published, and, therefore, accessible to any amateur, connoisseur, or professional musician who is anxious to look into them for his own particular gratification. About a year since a pianoforte concerto, admirably played by Miss Baglehole, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, and one of the most distinguished students of our Royal Academy of Music, was heard at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Arthur Chappell has brought forward at the Monday Popular Concerts a sextet in B flat for stringed instruments, and a quartet in A for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, neither of which can, in strict truth, be said to have produced a very lively impression. The Serenade in D was introduced at the Crystal Palace in the spring of 1863, and was given in St. James's Hall, at one of the concerts of the old Philharmonic Society, last summer. A new hearing affords no justifiable cause to change, or in any way to modify, our early opinion of this work. It is very lengthy, very pretentious, and very diffuse. Its diffuseness has not the excuse to which the diffuseness frequently characterizing Schubert's later compositions may fairly lay claim, inasmuch as Schubert's ideas are almost invariably original and striking; whereas, to judge at least by the Serenade in D major, the ideas of Herr Brahms possess little originality beyond their occasional treatment. That the Serenade exhibits constant evidence of the practised musicianship of its composer, and also shows a more than ordinary mastery of the orchestra, combined with fancy in the employment of orchestral resources, is undeniable; but the continual repetition of subjects, by no means intrinsically important, merely to exhibit them with new devices of instrumental ornament, becomes monotonous and wearisome. Every one of its movements must be pronounced unduly spun out, when the

abstract interest of the materials upon which it is built is taken into consideration. Why the work should be called "Serenade" is difficult to explain. We had always imagined that a serenade should consist of gay and lively melodies, so as to keep awake the person in whose honour it is intended. But here we have a serenade which takes up little short of an hour in performance, one movement of which is more laborious and heavy than another. The "Waits," for evident reasons, would, under the circumstances, be preferable, whether "the beloved," or an eminent artist, or an illustrious warrior, were the object. In the last instance, it is probable that, like Cassio, the illustrious warrior would beg the serenaders to entertain his master with "something that's brief." But, seriously, the Serenade in D of the great and uncompromising Beethoven, so often heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, is made up exclusively of a succession of melodies as delightful as they are spontaneous. A more careful and uniformly admirable performance of Herr Brahms' elaborate work than that under the direction of Mr. Manns on Saturday could not have been desired, even by Herr Brahms himself. The wind instruments (largely and variously employed) were perfect, and the stringed instruments were worthy companions.

The overtures at this concert, one of the most generally attractive of the series, were Weber's sparkling and genial *Abu Hassan* and Auber's gorgeous and picturesque *Masaniello*, which, as an operatic prelude of its kind, yields only to the *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini. Both were played as the Crystal Palace orchestra invariably plays them. To say which is to say enough. The singers were Mlle. Rizzarelli, who has recently gained such honourable distinction at the Italian Opera in St. George's Hall, and our promising young tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd. To the former were assigned airs from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Bellini's *Sonnambula*, to the latter, "Dalla sua pace" (*Don Giovanni*), and Mr. Frederick Clay's graceful song, "The shades of evening," instrumented by its composer for the occasion.

At the concert of to-day we are promised a new overture by Mr. Henry Gadsby, written expressly for these performances; some extracts from Wagner's operas; the overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* and the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven.

RUY BLAS AT THE VICE-REGAL THEATRE.

This opera, destined to make the circuit of the world, after having several times made that of Italy, was performed on the 11th inst., before the *habitués* of the theatre and all the *fine fleur* of Cairo society. The principal parts were confided to Signora Parepa-Rosa, Corsi, Signori Carpi, Cattore, and Livi.

Signora Corsi and the three gentlemen had already sung this splendid music in various theatres of Italy. Signora Parepa-Rosa alone sustained her part for the first time, and her rendering of it was exactly what the composer, Marchetti himself, would have desired, looking at it both from a musical and an artistic point of view. The young and lovely Maria de Neubourg, Queen of Spain, weary of the cold and monotonous ceremonial of the Spanish Court, longing for tender affection, for gentle and delicate emotion, struggling between duty and love, but subsequently burning and transported with all the impetuosity of profound, fatal, and irresistible passion—such is the character Signora Parepa-Rosa had to portray upon the stage, and such was the character she represented with the most perfect accuracy of conception, and the brightest and most vivid colours. She was, in turns, ingenious and enamoured, timid and moved by wild delirium, tranquil and agitated, queen and woman. Not a phrase did she neglect, not an accent did she miss. The ideal of the poet and of the composer was most happily and most completely realized by this magnificent artist. The public appreciated her merit, and overwhelmed her with continuous, unanimous, and tumultuous applause—with that applause, in a word, which alone constitutes a real success, and which is an artist's greatest and most highly cherished reward. The audience insisted on the famous love duet in the fourth act being repeated. In this truly stupendous piece, Signora Parepa-Rosa, excellently supported by the tenor, Carpi, rose fully to the height of the musical and dramatic situation, rendering it most effectively, and revealing all its sweetest and most hidden beauties. She was called on several times in the course of the opera; and, at the conclusion, the audience made her appear again, with Carpi, at least four times. Such enthusiasm is extremely rare here, and very seldom seen at the Vice-Regal Theatre.—*Special correspondence of the "Omnibus."*

PAULINE LUCCA IN BOSTON.

Mdme. Lucca's success in the Athens of the States was complete. Public and press, without a dissenting voice, voted her a great artist, and united to do her honour. We might fill a number of the *Musical World* with laudatory quotations from the Boston journals, but one or two will suffice—indeed, of any one it might be said, *ex uno disce omnes*. The following is taken from the *Daily Evening Traveller* :—

"Mdme. Lucca's long expected appearance in this city, was made last evening the occasion of one of the most brilliant and largest assemblages which ever graced the Boston Theatre. Mdme. Lucca's first appearance was a complete triumph, and one which was gained by the strongest dramatic and the most glorious vocal powers. Mdme. Lucca's noble ability was not at once recognized by the public here, but this recognition steadily increased from the moment of her entrance till the close of the opera. Her audience warmed from comparative apathy to the highest enthusiasm, still, at the close of the opera, shouts after shouts of applause called the fair lady again and again before the curtain. Of Mdme. Lucca's voice we cannot express too much admiration, and one is led to inquire, with another writer, whence it can all come from so little a personage. Beautiful in quality, bright in its timbre, always true and unerring in the delivery of its tones, and strong to a marvellous degree, we can imagine nothing which could be supplied to make it better. Withal, its sympathetic qualities are marvellous, and it carries a fascination in it as marked as the fascination of the lady's beautiful eyes. One slight peculiarity of her delivery is especially lovely, and that is, the sibilant effects. So much, or rather so little, of what might be said of Mdme. Lucca's voice. Of her acting, what can be said which will do it justice? In the first acts it mainly lies in the facial expression, and the varied moods and passions which passed over her fair face were each perfect pictures. In action, each *pose* of her body is grace itself. But when the impassioned scenes of the last act are reached, the lady fills each moment with the most searching effects and the strongest realism. Her whole soul enters into the requirements of the scenes, and her every motion is a perfect interpretation of the feelings of the agonized and loving woman, whose errors are forgotten on account of her suffering. The aria, 'O, mio Fernando,' in Act III., was the first strong exhibition of her vocal powers, and the enthusiasm of the audience was but a faint mark of tribute to the glorious rendition."

The opinion of the *Daily Advertiser* was thus expressed :—

"Madame Lucca completely fills the part of Leonora, or rather, she more than fills it, far transcending by her own powers the commonplace creation of the composer. With the first swift entrance of the lithe and faultless little figure, and with the first notes of her recitative, the conviction of her complete mastery of the situation was carried home to every mind. In every movement and tone Madame Lucca is thoroughly dramatic, in the true sense of the word; the feeling of her character and of each phase of its changing emotions is brought home to the heart and the intelligence of the spectator by methods at once direct, just and impressive. Her performance is often filled to the brim with passion, but she never lacks the strength of self-control; and the line of artistic moderation, though sometimes exactly reached, is never passed. Her action is at once magnificent in its freedom and fascinating in its grace. In all the early scenes of the opera, Madame Lucca was strong and satisfying, and the pictures presented of the wretched Leonora, were highly impressive. The greatest effects were reserved for the last acts, however, and in these the gifts and skill of the great singer and the great actress were united with tremendous effect. The character of Madame Lucca's voice is pretty well known here by report. It is certainly a wonderful organ, of extraordinary brilliancy, power and resonance; its volume is immense; its sympathetic quality is undeniable; and above a few of its lowest notes it is even in purity and clearness. Madame Lucca manages her voice with the skill of a consummate vocalist, disdaining, however, the tricks which make up the stock-in-trade of so many florid singers. Her style of intonation, delivery, and phrasing may be pronounced nearly perfect. Madame Lucca's powers as a singer had no fair opportunity for exhibition until the 'O mio Fernando' of the third act, which was given with exquisite taste, with a brilliancy of tone and an intensity of feeling which called forth the enthusiasm of the audience. In the concluding act, however, and in a single scene, the genius of the dramatist and vocalist found their united culmination. Her terror and weakness upon entering the convent were touchingly portrayed; but, in the passages immediately following, Madame Lucca produced almost the greatest effect of her performance by the delivery of the two lines which express the agony of her discovery that Fernando is taking the vows of a monk; and when the words 'perduto al mondo' were uttered, the swift action of utter self-abandonment and despair with which she threw herself upon the earth was electric in its effect upon her auditors. During the final scene of the opera, it was impossible to imagine a more complete prostration of the soul in humble supplication, or a more vehement and passionate outburst of love and joy than that which accompanied her reconciliation with Fernando. Madame Lucca's acting here, indeed, only just stopped short of the 'something too much,' but it did stop short of the fatal mark, and it is to be remembered that the feeling of the moment is rather that of delirium than of health. Madame Lucca was

rewarded with constant and enthusiastic applause, and was frequently encored; she was called before the curtain at the end of each of the first three acts, and twice at the close of the opera, the audience in the latter instances hailing her with cheers and shouts."

Dwight has also spoken, but *Dwight* must have a place to himself.

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The third of Messrs. Harrison's Chamber Concerts was in all respects equal to either of its predecessors. The artists, Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Schreurs and Daubert, being the same, while the scheme included Beethoven's string quartet in C, Mozart's pianoforte sonata in D, No. 22, Spohr's duet in D minor for violins, and Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor for pianoforte and strings. Given such works with such players and the result will be readily understood. The vocal music comprised Dr. Hiller's prayer "Lord when my inmost soul," and a new song, "Mizpah," by Burn, both sung by Miss Helen D'Alton—Mr. C. J. Stephens acting as accompanist, and both giving satisfaction to the audience.

Mr. Charles Russell, finding the attraction of symphonies and large orchestral works insufficient of themselves to fill the Town Hall even by one half, supplemented Mr. De Jong's band on the last occasion by a contingent of Mr. Mapleson's touring party—viz., Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Mdle. Macvitz, Signori Campobello, Borella and Agnesi; and the result was that the vast room was crammed in every part, although the programme was absolutely devoid of novelty, being in the main a *réchauffé* of pieces which have for any number of years past been literally done to death in almost every concert-room in England. Under such circumstances I trust to be excused from entering into details which could hardly prove interesting. It would, however, be unfair to omit special mention of the new comer, Mdle. Macvitz, described as a contralto, but whose voice is really a low mezzo-soprano of exceptionally fine quality, as was proved in Gluck's "Che far senza Euridice," and Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (transposed a tone higher). In addition to her good voice and agreeable presence, Mdle. Macvitz displays an amount of intelligence and feeling in her singing which warrants hope that, with further study of her art, a high position may be attained by the promising young Russian lady.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's performance of Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in E flat was distinguished by neatness and care, a compliment which can scarcely with truth be awarded to the orchestral accompaniment. In classical compositions, such as Mozart's overture to *Il Flauto Magico*, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and the concerto just named, the substitution of cornets for trumpets is a manifest drawback to Mr. De Jong's band taking the high position at which it aims. D. H.

AN ARTIST'S TRAVELS.

Signor Piatti, the renowned violoncellist, undertook his first professional tour in England with Molique. They were both in high spirits the first day, and in the evening occupied adjoining rooms in their hotel. Piatti was already sliding into the arms of Morpheus, when he was aroused by a continuous pat—pat—pat. It was his neighbour, and not Don Juan's Stone Guest come to supper. Molique was having his regular smoke. In vain did Piatti appeal to him. "Sooner than give up my pipe, I would die," said Molique, "and when I smoke, I must move about." The tap—tap—tap re-commenced, the floor again creaked, and all chance of the unhappy violoncellist's sleeping was at an end.

Piatti undertook his second tour in company with M. Sainton. There was nothing to fear from this gentleman on the score of smoking, but he had a different passion: he was an inveterate domino-player. If ever he could catch hold of any one to play with him, he would not let him go again so easily. Piatti might have slept soundly enough while Sainton and his victim were waging war against each other, had not the end of each game been accompanied by the blow of a fist upon the table, with the words: "Confound that double six! I always get it!" or some other exclamation, according to circumstances. Poor Piatti felt as if he himself were the cause of this run of ill-luck, and sleep was out of the question.

His third trip was undertaken in conjunction with Ernst. The anxious violoncellist, previous to starting, had managed to find out that Ernst, unlike his predecessors, neither smoked nor played dominoes. In the evening, the two put up at a small inn, in a small town. There was only one room vacant, and that contained only a single bed. The artists were obliged to share it between them. Ernst dropped off first; sure of his sleep, Piatti followed. The clock of the parish church had just announced midnight, when Piatti was startled out of his slumbers by a threatening and terrible voice near him, crying out: "Wretch! Villain! Die!" Almost frightened to death, Piatti hid his head under the bedclothes. A confused medley of curses, oaths, lamentations, and moaning followed, till at last, the tone became milder. "What?—very well, then—I forgive you!" Piatti now gained courage to sit up. His neighbour lay quietly by his side, just awoke from a fearful nightmare. The same scene was renewed every night. Piatti was in despair.

Years passed by, until at length the artist thus diabolically deprived of his rest, undertook another tour, this time with Sivi. There was every prospect of uninterrupted repose. The two artists were separated, one being on one story and the other on another. Piatti stretched his legs out contentedly, and had just extinguished the light, when he heard very distinctly a nibbling and scraping. "Mice!" he exclaimed with horror, leaping out of bed. "Pst! Pst!" he began. He listened, but the noise still continued. Unable to contain himself, he pulled violently at the bell-rope. The porter appeared. "You have mice in the place!" thundered forth the artist. "Mice! No, Sir, we never had such things!" replied the man. "Then it's rats."—"I never saw a single rat, Sir."—"I don't suppose you have mosquitoes?"—The porter did not know, but he said he would go and call the waiter. He informed the latter that the gentleman in No. 6 wanted a dish he knew nothing about—mosquitoes. The waiter had the reputation of the house at heart. Entering Piatti's room, he said: "You would like some mosquitoes, I am informed, Sir; I'm very sorry, Sir—we have none at present, but we shall have some next week." "Next week! What, have you really none now?"—"I regret exceedingly," began the waiter, in a stammering voice. "But what is that noise?" asked Piatti. The waiter looked at him in astonishment, and then they both listened. The waiter, recovering his composure, observed: "That is probably the gentleman in No. 7, practising on his instrument." Such was the case. It was Sivi, in night costume and without a light, working the bow over the loose strings; this was his way of practising at night. "I tell you what, Sivi," said his travelling-companion, totally crushed; "I have been in Spain, where the *Serenos* proclaim every hour of the night; I have been in Holland, where people are paid for waking the sleeper with a clapper; and I have slept at Antwerp, where the bells play every hour variations on the 'Carnaval,' and every half-hour the song of the Tambour Major from *Le Caid*; as you perceive, I am seasoned for sleeping under all circumstances. But, if there is anything which I cannot get over, anything capable of depriving me of sleep, it is mice or mosquitoes; any noise like that of these creatures jars upon my nerves. Therefore, in the name of friendship, give up such imitations on your violin, or, if not, we must part."

And they did part! Piatti was next engaged to travel with Hermann. Before things, however, came so far, he subjected him to a serious examination, as to whether he smoked, indulged in dominoes, played on the violin at night, or had any tendency to somnambulism. All these questions were answered with a decided: "No." Suddenly a thought flashed through Piatti's brain. "Have you supped?" he enquired of his new travelling companion, the first evening. "No; I shall be very glad, however, to do so in your society." Ever since suffering from sleepless nights, Piatti was accustomed to take, before going to bed, a cup of tea, in which he dissolved a small pill, a harmless soporific for sleepless martyrs. The two artists, after supping and taking tea, slept admirably. In the morning, Piatti had some trouble to wake his companion. "Have you slept well?" he enquired of him. "Like a top," was the answer. "Shall we sup together again this evening?" enquired Piatti. "I should like nothing better," answered Hermann. The second night,

they both slept even better than they had slept the first. "Good Heavens!" remarked Hermann; "how soundly one sleeps in this country!" "It is the humid fogs," said Piatti. "It strikes me frequently that I sleep an unnaturally long time," observed Hermann, after the sixth night. "Nonsense," replied Piatti; "one can never sleep enough. Just read what Shakespeare says about sleep."

When a new fellow-traveller arose in the person of Henri Wieniawski, to whom we owe these facts, Piatti involuntarily knitted his brows. "What is the matter?" Wieniawski enquired. "Nothing! only certain disagreeable reminiscences," and, thereupon, he narrated his sufferings. "Do not be alarmed," said Wieniawski, re-assuringly. "I smoke only after dinner; I play at dominoes only while I am smoking; and I dream without making a noise." Piatti breathed freely. An arrangement was easily concluded, by which Wieniawski engaged to do all in his power not to disturb Piatti's rest; while Piatti, on his part, bound himself not to put any "little pill" in Wieniawski's tea, or in anything else he drank.

Each conscientiously kept his promise, and, at the end of the journey, they were in a position to assure each other that the tour had been one of the pleasantest they had ever made.—*Die Signale*.

REVIEWS.

BOOSEY & Co.

Mme. Sainton Dolby's Tutor for English Singers.

An artist who has attained to eminence, makes good a double claim upon public consideration when he lays before the world the secret of his art, and points out the way by which others can follow in his steps. Such teaching has a special value, and, therefore, all lovers of music will welcome the volume in which *Mme. Sainton-Dolby* gives the result of her long experience as one of the most renowned of English singers and most successful of teachers. No work could be offered more gracefully to the public whom *Mme. Sainton* delighted for so many years with her pure and perfect art. "English by birth," she writes in her introduction, "English by education, English at heart, I have long desired to offer to young pupils the fruits of my long experience in a career to which I owe my happiest remembrances. In trying to smooth the difficulties in the path of such students, I only pay a debt of gratitude to my compatriots who encouraged my first steps and applauded my subsequent efforts, and of which I am, and ever shall feel proud." We are sure that *Mme. Sainton's* book will be received in the spirit with which it is offered, and that recollections of its author's successful career will encourage those who follow its wise counsels. *Mme. Sainton* limits the scope of her work to ladies' voices, and to those branches of the vocal art which are essentially English, as, for example, oratorio and ballad singing. On these things she can speak with an authority surpassed by none, while she takes care, at the outset, to demonstrate that her own long mastery of them has not lessened her sense of their difficulty. The manual is divided into three parts, the first of which discusses the elements of vocalization in a clear and succinct fashion, the remarks being accompanied by copious examples and a course of well-graduated lessons with pianoforte accompaniment. In this portion of her work *Mme. Sainton* is careful to guard against the idea that any printed instruction can entirely supersede the necessity for the teaching of a professor. She points out exactly where and in what respect the professor's guidance is necessary, and by so doing adds much to the value of a work primarily intended for self-help. The second section is devoted to hints on expression, style, taste, and generally those higher qualities which make the artist as distinguished from the mere vocalist. With equal point and brevity are these matters discussed, and afterwards illustrated by an unique series of exercises from the pen of the author, and of *PANSERON*, *Crescentini*, and *Bordogni*. Apart from the teaching value of these compositions, they have a value as music which cannot fail to augment the interest taken in them by the pupil. The third part will secure for *Mme. Sainton's* book a welcome where there is no intention of studying its contents seriously and in order. How many earnest amateurs have longed for hints from such an artist as *Mme. Sainton* with regard to the best known classical songs? Here that longing is fully gratified; songs and hints have been given together in such a manner that nothing is left to desire. Among the selections are "Pious orgies," "With verdure clad," "Softly sighs," "John Anderson," "Should he upbraid," and many others of equal merit and popularity. This bouquet of melodies worthily ends a book in right of which *Mme. Sainton* has a claim upon the gratitude of all who value the spread of true musical knowledge and skill.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1873. At Eight o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, Op. 18, for two violins, two violas, and
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
ARIETTA, ("In questa tomba oscura") Madame LAYROWSKA *Beethoven.*
AIR, ("Tutta raccolta ancor") *Handel.*
FANTASIA SONATA, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte alone—
Madame SCHUMANN *Schubert.*

PART II.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and
violinello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM.
JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI *Haydn.*
SCENA, from the Opera "La vie pour le Czar"—Madame
LAYROWSKA *Glinka.*
SONATA, in D major, Op. 12, No. 1, for pianoforte and violin—
Madame SCHUMANN and HERR JOACHIM *Beethoven.*
CONDUCTOR MR. ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. THE REMAINING MORNING PERFORMANCES

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, and April 5.
At Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME FOR THIS DAY, FEB. 22, 1873.

QUINTET, in E flat, for two violins, two violas, and violinello—
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
AIR, "Vado ben speso"—Mr. HENRY GUY *Salvator Rosa.*
SCHERZO, "from Midsummer Night's Dream," for pianoforte
alone—Madame SCHUMANN *Mendelssohn.*
SARABANDE and TAMBOURIN, for violin, with pianoforte
accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM *Leclair.*
SONG, "Through the night my songs adjure thee"—Mr. HENRY
GUY *Schubert.*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violon-
cello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

SEVENTEENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Andromeda" (first time of performance) *Henry Gadsby.*
PRAYER from "Lola Rieux"—Herr FRANK DIENER (his first
appearance) *Wagner.*
CAVATINA—Mlle. RIZARELLI
ARIA—Signor FOLI
SYMPHONY, No. 6, in F (Pastorale) *Beethoven.*
LIEBESLIED aus "Die Walkure"—Herr FRANK DIENER *Wagner.*
SONG—Mlle. RIZARELLI
SCHERZO from the STRING OTETTO (Orchestrated by the
Composer) *Mendelssohn.*
SONG—Signor FOLI
OVERTURE, "William Tell" *Rossini.*
Conductor MR. MANNS.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

THOSE who are in the habit of observing the signs of the
times cannot fail to have noticed the decided advance
lately made by music of what may be called the modern
school, as distinct from that of the accepted great masters.
Nothing is clearer than that, for good or for evil, the exclu-
sive reign of those masters is over. Time was—a little
while ago—when the production of a work not belonging to

the orthodox school involved the necessity of apologising
for undue boldness, or the setting up of a plea that curiosi-
ties are always interesting, even though ridiculous. But we
have changed all that. The most eccentric effusions of the
modern school are brought out by concert-givers with the
air of men who do the art a service; and the programmes
of our most orthodox societies are occupied, as of right, by
composers not long since either unknown, or looked upon as
musical fungi, quick to spring up, and quick to disappear.
We do not refer to the Crystal Palace, because there new
men and new works—of late, even English men and works
—have always met with a welcome and a hearing. But
even at the Crystal Palace increasing boldness marks the
action of the innovators. "G." discovers more and more
beauties in the "ideality" of modern composers; and, taught
by him, a public is growing into the belief that the race of great
musicians did not end for the remainder of the century in 1847.
All this, however, was to be expected; but what shall be said
to the actual and active existence among us of a Wagner
Society, bent upon turning English taste from the error of
its way, and converting us all into disciples of the Prophet
Richard? What shall be said, moreover, when our
venerable Philharmonic Society, the conservator, in right
of its traditions, of all that is classical and orthodox, admits
Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, *et hoc genus omne*, to the full
honour of its programmes? The Philharmonic scheme for
1873 lies before us, and in it we find Liszt's "poeme
symphonique," Tasso; Brahms' *Requiem*; the overture to
Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer*; and the overture to
Berlioz's *Carnival Roman*. After this, all who have
fought against the invasion of modern music may lay down
their arms. The citadel of defence has capitulated. But,
has anybody so fought? Whatever the fact, a great many
people are believed to have done so, and each advance of
the invader is looked upon in the light of a triumph over
individuals. As far as our knowledge goes, all this is based
upon delusion, and takes its rise in an excessive sensitiv-
ness, due to the excessive enthusiasm of the "new school,"
and its scholars. We do not believe that anybody demurs
to the fair trial of new works—not even to the Wagnerian
theory in its fullest development. There may be persons
who would rather devote time and attention to matters more
likely, in their estimation, to yield good results; but that is
quite a different thing from such an objection to modern
novelties as would keep them hidden from public view.
Moreover, hostility so carried out would imply a sense of
weakness which those are not at all likely to feel who take
their stand upon the orthodox canons of art. Rather would
we, because of the very strength of our position, help to
place the productions of modern musical thought in the fierce
light of publicity, that all their strength and all their weak-
ness may be fully seen. Let no one imagine, therefore, that
the advance of the new school of music is a triumph over
opposition. The teachers of that school may come in all
the strength of their numbers and their ardour. The way
is open, and they shall have a hearing quite as attentive as
that given to St. Paul on Mars' Hill, even though they
tell us of a god whom, now, we "ignorantly worship."

Why is it necessary to say all this?—Simply because the
excessive sensitiveness already referred to cannot distinguish
between condemnation of a new thing because it is bad, and
hatred of it because it is new. A class of persons exists
among us whose favourite craze is the inherent progressive-
ness of art. They believe—happy souls—that art moves on
in obedience to a grand law of development, and that all its
changes are necessarily an approach to ultimate perfection.

We will not argue this matter now—contenting ourselves by asking *en passant*, what progress the art of sculpture has made since the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici were chiselled. But it is easy to see how the existence of such a belief identifies the new with the good, and makes worth synonymous with novelty. Persons afflicted with this idea easily confound disapproval of a new thing with disapproval of its newness, and so create an entirely false issue. We are anxious that a delusion so absurd in its consequences should at once cease, and determine that the partisans of modern musical thought may see in objections to their favourite works only conscientious disapproval of the theories upon which they are based. One result of this will be the limitation of victory and defeat to the real matters in dispute. *Te Deums* sung over the frequent performances of music belonging to the modern school are rejoicings over triumphs gained in a battle with shadows. They should be sung only when Wagner and Liszt are called to a higher place in the musical Pantheon than Mozart and Beethoven.

GEMMY BRANDUS.

(From the "Gazette Musicale," Feb. 16.)

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* is again cruelly bereaved. Gemmy Brandus is no more.

A death unexpected—nearly sudden—took from us, on Wednesday last, in the prime of his life and powers, our excellent and dear director. The too short period during which this journal received his wise and loyal guidance—he follows to the tomb, at an interval of six months, his regretted predecessor, S. Dufour—was more than sufficient to allow those that remain, and who will continue their task in the same unity and spirit, to feel profoundly the loss they have sustained.

To strict honesty, to perfect tact, to the artistic feeling so necessary to the head of a great publishing house, Gemmy Brandus united the most precious qualities of the heart. His friendship was sure; and his dealings with all who approached him bore the stamp of goodness and true kindness. He knew not an enemy; and himself was the enemy of none.

Gemmy Brandus was born Jan. 3, 1823, and had, therefore, just completed his fiftieth year. He had shared, since 1846, with his elder brother, M. Louis Brandus, the direction of the firm established by Maurice Schlesinger, which M. S. Dufour joined later. M. Louis Brandus is now left alone to discharge a heavy task till the young son of his well-loved brother grows old enough to take a part.

The obsequies of Gemmy Brandus took place on Friday, and were attended by an immense crowd of friends, artists, and *confères*. Many tears were shed around his grave.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—From letters I have lately received, there appears to be some uncertainty as to the interpretation of Rule IX. Pray allow me to explain that competitors entering the Classes for large Choral Bodies are not prevented by the Rule referred to from subdividing and competing in Classes for smaller numbers.

Rule XXIV. must be observed, and the Form of Application be distinct and separate in each case.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Crystal Palace, Sydenham, S. E.
February 18th, 1873.

WILLERT BEALE.

FLORENCE.—Signor and Signora Tiberini have joined the company at the Pergola. Signor Tiberini has sung with great success in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Signora Tiberini will appear ere long; in *Dinorah*, some say; in Prince Poniatowski's *Gelmina*, say others.

MILAN.—The new grand ballet, *Le Due Gemelle*, by Signor Pallerini, with music by Signor Ponchielli, has made a hit at the Scala.—Signor Achille Sfondrini has prepared the plans for a day-theatre, capable of containing 3000 persons, and to be constructed on the bastion of the Porta Ticinese.

St. Louis, Mo.—"As appropriate to the occasion, the forthcoming 17th of March, we intend"—writes a correspondent—"to produce Professor Glover's cantata, *St. Patrick at Tara*, which has come to us from London with very high recommendation."

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S FAREWELL.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The announcement of a "farewell concert" by Madame Arabella Goddard must have taken almost every one by surprise; the most surprising thing being that the "farewell" applies not for a season, and to London only, but to England, and for ever. We can remember no other instance of an artist voluntarily abandoning a brilliant career at its most brilliant point. A player who is beginning to lose nerve, a singer who is beginning to lose voice, may gracefully retire before the signs of decay become too evident; but Madame Goddard, both as regards years and talent, is absolutely in her prime. She was born, we learn from a memoir published by a contemporary, in 1836; and she perhaps never played so well, and certainly never better, than on the occasion of her "farewell." It is said to be Madame Goddard's intention to travel round the world—to Australia, California, and Canada, among other fortunate countries; and, in spite of the Horatian line on the subject of sea-voyages, we may hope that, in crossing the ocean, she will change not only her "sky," but also, and above all, her "mind;" so that, returning to England, she may recommence a career which, from our point of view, ought not to have been interrupted. Making her *début* at a very early age, Madame Goddard has now been some twenty years before the English public, while nearer thirty than twenty years have elapsed since she first performed in presence of an audience. It was in Paris, as a child of six, that Madame Goddard first exhibited her talent as a pianist. A year or two later she passed under the tuition of Kalkbrenner, one of the most famous pianists, and probably the very first master of his time. From Kalkbrenner Miss Goddard acquired at least the foundation of that perfect mechanism, without which such qualities as delicacy of touch and subtlety of expression—qualities by which Miss Goddard's playing was always distinguished, and which, in their essence, are gifts—would have gone for nothing, or rather could not, in any adequate development, have existed. Afterwards, in a very different style, she received a certain number of lessons from Thalberg, who, according to Heine, was the most "gentlemanly" of the great pianists, and who, like his fair pupil when she took to playing Thalbergian fantasias on her own account, executed the most astounding passages with all possible calmness, and the most tender passages without once losing his reserve. We do not suppose Miss Goddard's playing ever reminded any one of the scientific, methodical Kalkbrenner; but many, when Thalberg visited England some ten years ago, noticed an expressiveness in his firm, sensitive, elastic touch which suggested the effect his lessons, few though they were, may nevertheless have had upon a student prepared by a congenial disposition to adopt something of his manner. Thalberg was a pianist who could have gained distinction in any style. It was, perhaps, in what he himself called "the art of singing applied to the piano" that he chiefly excelled. Yet, speaking generally, the music he cultivated was that of display—the music which serves to exhibit the talent of the musician, rather than that of which the musician, if he does his duty, should seek to exhibit the beauty. Miss Goddard learned to play Thalberg's brilliant fantasias very brilliantly; but Thalberg was the first to see, and to point out to her, that if she wished to attain the highest position as a pianist in England, she must devote herself to classical music, for which he had already observed that she possessed all the requisite sympathy and capacity. This the greatest composer of the fantasia school recommended her to study under Mr. J. W. Davison, to whom Madame Arabella Goddard may be supposed to owe much of the knowledge and mastery she is known to possess of the great pianoforte composers of the classical school.

It is scarcely necessary to narrate the history of Madame Goddard's chief appearances in public. She has played, in her time, at promenade concerts, at miscellaneous concerts, at ballad concerts, at series of "Recitals," given by herself and of her own devising, at the Philharmonic and New Philharmonic concerts, at the concerts of the Crystal Palace, and, more often, perhaps, than anywhere else, at the Monday Popular Concerts. With the "Monday Populars" her name and memory will always be associated; and it was appropriate that, in taking leave of the English public, she should do so in a concert of the "Monday Popular" pattern.

That on this occasion St. James's Hall was crowded; that the audience included an unusually large number of musicians and well-known amateurs; and that Madame Arabella Goddard, when she appeared on the platform, was received with the warmest demonstrations of good-will, is what every one will believe without laying any particular stress on the facts. The Sonata of the

evening was Woelfl's "*Ne Plus Ultra*." Such interest as it possesses is chiefly historical; and though it may have been worth while to show that Woelfl in the piece in question had anticipated modern composers in almost every form of the "variation," most certainly in all the forms best known, we have always thought that Woelfl's "*Ne Plus Ultra*" Sonata has been admired at the Monday Popular Concerts a little on account of the composer's variations, and a great deal on account of the pianist's mode of playing them. Still there was a sort of reason why Madame Goddard, in taking leave of her numerous friends and admirers, should perform Woelfl's variations on "Life let us cherish," rather than some sonata, less curious but more beautiful, by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Schubert. Woelfl was a classical composer, who, in the work in question, wrote by exception, and, so to say, by condescension, in the fantasia style. Indeed, both styles are employed in this very sonata, which, for that reason, may have been looked upon as a suitable piece for the exhibition of the two-fold talent of the admirable artist who is leaving us. The audience were satisfied, and more than satisfied; for, on the conclusion of the sonata, Madame Goddard was twice recalled, and not allowed to retire without again sitting down to the piano, when she played, with charming expression, Thalberg's "Home, sweet home."

There is no composer in whose music Madame Goddard is heard to more advantage than in that of Mendelssohn, and of this she reminded us by her performance of the principal part of Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, for piano and violoncello (the violoncello part played in perfection by Signor Piatti). Madame Goddard also played the accompaniment of Beethoven's "Adelaide," which she has so often played at the Monday Popular Concerts for Mr. Sims Reeves, who, being indisposed, was efficiently replaced on this occasion by Mr. Edward Lloyd. But her last solo performance was in the symbolical "Home, sweet home," where, after one or more voyages round the globe, we may hope that an artist England cannot afford to lose—one of the very few really distinguished artists that England has ever produced—will feel disposed to return.

(From the "Graphic.")

Madame Arabella Goddard, after occupying a high position in art for twenty years, bade farewell to the English public on Tuesday evening week in St. James's Hall. The distinguished pianist is still young, and her ability is at its height, but reasons which are withheld from the public have induced her to resolve upon a final artistic tour round the world, and then retirement altogether from public life. We can only join in the universal expressions of regret that this should be the case. It is bad enough to lose any artist of distinction, but there are circumstances connected with Madame Goddard which intensify the misfortune. She alone has, for many years, upheld the honour of English art in the front ranks of the world's great pianists; and to her we have been accustomed to look for a constant supply of novelties, such as no other artist would take the trouble to give us. With regard to this matter, let us say that a complete list of the masterpieces first introduced to an English audience by Madame Goddard would excite astonishment, and be the best vindication of her claim to grateful recollection. No wonder at the regret with which connoisseurs look upon her retirement from the position she has so long adorned. Her withdrawal leaves a huge gap not easily filled, and cuts off one fertile source of musical interest and instruction. A crowded audience attended the farewell concert, which was, in character, precisely like the "Monday Populars," so closely associated with Madame Goddard's name. It can hardly be necessary to describe the reception given to the *bénéficiaire*, or the enthusiasm with which her wonderfully fine performance of Woelfl's "*Ne Plus Ultra*" Sonata was received. Madame Goddard never played more brilliantly in her life than on this final occasion; and two recalls, followed by a peremptory *encore*, testified to the delight she had given her audience. She also joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's fine Sonata in D major (Op. 58), and, with the same gentleman and Mr. Carrodus, played Haydn's Trio in G major. Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd were the vocalists.

(From the "Choir.")

Foremost among the musical events of the past fortnight must be placed the farewell concert of Mme. Arabella Goddard, given at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening week, before an audience which, in point of numbers, could scarcely have been increased, while, as regards its evident desire to do honour to the great artist, it could not have been more demonstrative. And we are not surprised at either result. Mme. Goddard has long been the favourite pianist in our concert-rooms, the devoted exponent

of the classical and legitimate, as distinguished from the frivolous and meaningless, effusions which some other performers are not ashamed to play, so that musicians, whether actually members of the craft or mere lovers of the art, could scarcely fail to assemble *en masse* to do her honour. If we had the space to allude to the various stages in her career, which—note it, ye who believe that devotion to high art does not bring financial success—has been one long series of triumphs, we could point to many instances in which she has conquered difficulties before considered insuperable, and has given a hearing to works never till then attempted. Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Handel, Mendelssohn and Schubert, are alike indebted to her for unveiling to the world the choicest beauties of their works; and if spiritualism is, after all, anything but a fancy, who can doubt that they, too, joined in the homage which was so worthily offered to her on Tuesday. Nor did she stop short with the great masters. Taking down from the shelf the scores of Dussek, Clementi, Woelfl, and others, less only in comparison with the almost superhuman greatness of the *diu majores*, she has given us, at those Popular Concerts, where her name will ever be enshrined as a household word, sonata after sonata, many of which would, without her intervention, have remained unknown, while in less skilful hands they would have been misunderstood. To Mme. Goddard, then, belongs the honour—and it is the highest honour which an artist can attain—of never having forgotten the dignity of art, of never having truckled to the musical *financier*, whose sole object is money, not music; of never having played a piece of worthless writing either to please a publisher, a composer, or an audience. In these days such consistency is rare, and, being rare, it is the more admirable. Nay, but some reader may say, Mme. Goddard found there was no need to descend from her high platform, and simply played the best because she found that the public came willingly to listen to it. To such an argument, if indeed it is worthy of the name, the answer is obvious. No one who knows the temper of the British public and the character of our miscellaneous audiences can doubt that although the good and true in this case prevailed against the false and meretricious, it has been largely owing to the devotion of the artist whose physical labour must have been extraordinary in order to produce in succession works of great difficulty, which had hitherto found no place in the pianist's *répertoire*. On all grounds, then, the public and the inner circle of musicians had good cause to assemble, as they did in full force, to say farewell to such a true artist. A "last farewell" we would fain hope it is not to be, for unless we are much mistaken, the place which Mme. Goddard will leave in our midst will remain vacant until she returns once more to fill it. When a great performer parts from us, owing to age or failing voice, we are obliged, even though with great regret, to admit the justice of their choice; but when, as in the present case, an artist in the prime of life, and in the full possession of the true music-making powers which nature too rarely bestows, takes her leave, we may fairly ask for a re-consideration of her decision; and in this case, at any rate, we are convinced that the demand for many repetitions of the performances we have all listened to with delight will greet Mme. Goddard on her return to England. Meanwhile may the good ship carry its freight safely to the other side of the globe, and may a welcome as hearty as our own farewell greet the artist of whom, before all others, Englishmen have cause to feel proud.

(From the "Court Circular.")

Madame Goddard is lost to us for ever! Those who would again hear her play in public should follow the example of Sir John Herschel and other astronomers, who, in 1858, pursued the tract of Donati's comet across the equator to southern latitudes, that they might continue to watch its movements. They must proceed in the train of the fair *pianiste* to Australia, and thence to the United States. Madame Goddard, after a tour in these transmarine regions, will retire into private life, and (we believe) devote herself entirely to tuition—no mean service, by the way, to art.

We will postpone, for the present, a formal review of this great artist's triumphant career of twenty years. A classical pianist, *par excellence*, she has gone the round of the great composers. What more can be said of a performer who, still a girl in her teens, was the first to grapple with, and in one sense subdue, Beethoven's Goliath Sonata in B flat, hitherto unattempted (before the public) even in Germany, and frightful to the eye of ordinary people for its extraordinary difficulties. Madame Goddard's mechanism is simply perfect; and to the small detractors who hint their hesitating dislike of her style, on account of its "coldness" or want of "soul," we can only reply

with a prayer for the perpetual presence of Arabella Goddard's *mind*, and the simultaneous absence of our critical friends in the flesh—not that our enthusiasm would be frozen by contact with such icicles, but that cold is trying to the temper. Apart from her wonderful skill as an executant, we hold Madame Goddard's greatest merit to have been—as we have so often repeated—her absolute self-annihilation in the reading of the chosen text. Some self-conceited clergymen show themselves off even whilst delivering the lessons of Scripture. Madame Goddard's thoughts were of Beethoven alone—and her supposed coldness was the stern suppression of subjectivity—as a judge, animated with all the feelings of a man, refuses to indulge in luxurious and demonstrated emotion that he may evolve the great truths of the law, and serve the course of justice on strict and honourable principles.

Madame Goddard, on Tuesday evening week, the night of her farewell concert, attracted the whole town and most of the musical world. She played (by desire) Woelfl's "*Ne Plus Ultra*" Sonata; and, thrice recalled, resumed her seat at the pianoforte, choosing, for "voluntary," her favourite fantasia of Thalberg, on "Home, sweet home." The concerted pieces in which Madame Goddard took part were Mendelssohn's delightful Sonata in D, for pianoforte and violoncello (Signor Piatti); and Haydn's Pianoforte Trio in G.

Sir Julius Benedict conducted the concert, at the end of which a most affecting demonstration took place. Madame Arabella Goddard abdicates her throne in the maturity of her powers and the full bloom of her genius; but very much in opposition to the will of her subjects, and under very different circumstances from the unfortunate King of Spain.

(From "*The Conservative*.")

The "farewell" which Madame Arabella Goddard took of the English public on Tuesday evening week has cast a gloom over the musical horizon, which, although anticipated, is none the less painfully appreciated. In the fulness of her powers, still young in years, with mental and physical energy ripened by experience and exercise, our Queen of Pianists has abdicated her throne, bid adieu to her musical supporters, and expressed her intention, after a brief visit to the New World, to retire into private life. To the Philharmonics—Old and New—to the Crystal Palace, and Monday Popular Concerts, and to every society in which high musical art is cultivated, such a retirement promises a loss, and suggests a blank, which it would be presumptuous to believe the present generation can see filled up. The very fact of our fair countrywoman having distanced all rivalry will, moreover, render any attempt to instal another in her place a task as difficult as it must be ungrateful. The concert given on Tuesday evening was after the pattern of those Madame Goddard has been mainly instrumental in establishing, and was sustained by her in a manner which has rendered her name "a household word" in connection with the pianoforte throughout the length and breadth of the land. Associated with her on the occasion was her faithful ally, Signor Piatti, besides other instrumentalists well known to the Monday Popular audiences. Woelfl's "*Ne Plus Ultra*" Sonata, Mendelssohn's Duo (Op. 58), and Haydn's Trio in G, were the principal works in the programme. The "*Ne Plus Ultra*" Sonata was judiciously chosen, for it suggested the position to which Madame Goddard has arrived by the exercise of her talents in a career extending over more than twenty years. The Sonata, moreover, contains an air which is associated with words which were not without import on such an occasion. "Thy name we will cherish" appeared to be a variation in the mouths of the numerous audience which listened with wrapt attention to the great pianist's final cadences, but was succeeded by that hearty applause which such fine playing never fails to evoke. At the conclusion of the concert one word, "farewell," was uttered; and that expressed the esteem, the respect, and the admiration, of every true lover of the musical art, as also those sentiments which the severance of long-cherished ties elicits. Such a "leave-taking" was alike honourable to our countrywoman and to the English public.

(From the "*Musical Standard*.")

We can only, this week, briefly chronicle the last concert of Mme. Arabella Goddard, and record its triumphant success. Mme. Goddard chose for her solo, by particular desire, Woelfl's "*Plus Ultra*" Sonata in F, which she played, as usual, to perfection, and with a consummate finish in the variations on the air, "Life let us cherish," that, to use hyperbolic language, almost surpassed even our own sanguine expectations. Two recalls ensued, and at length the fair lady, who looked remarkably well, wearing a most elegant dress

of yellow silk and bearing a large bouquet, was induced to return to the pianoforte. Her second ("voluntary") piece was Thalberg's showy and pretentious version of "Home, sweet home," rather a favourite of Mme. Goddard's, but, musically, a mere nothing. Mme. Goddard afterwards joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's delicious Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in D major, Op. 58, and at the end of the concert played Haydn's Trio in G major, containing the Hungarian Rondo, in conjunction with MM. Carrodus and Piatti. We noticed a host of "notabilities" in the hall, which was crowded to the doors.

The *Orchestra* reproduces the article which appeared in the *Times* the day after the concert.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

"ROSALIE" is a term applied by French and Italian composers to designate a worn-out, used-up vocal phrase. The usual German expression, as the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* informs us, is 'Schusterflecke.' The term, which is a very old one, owes its origin to the following occurrence. An Italian composer, not too liberally supplied with genius, was once commissioned to set a mass to music for the Festival of St. Rosalie. His work, when sent in, was found to be filled with thread-bare, worn-out phrases. Italian musicians are naturally of a merry disposition, and fond of a joke. The members of the band soon began ridiculing the striking absence of ideas in the mass. One of them suggested that, whenever they met an old acquaintance, politeness required them to bow, and that when they came across a particular phrase, repeated more frequently than any other, they should make a more than ordinarily deep and respectful obeisance. The joke ran in a moment from one end of the orchestra to the other, and whenever the famous passage recurred all the musicians made a profound bow. The audience soon remarked this strange pantomime, and some laughed; this caused a slight disturbance to the grand indignation of the pious, and to the no small bewilderment of the poor composer. Since that time, the term 'Rosalie' has borne the additional signification given above."

"Rosalie" means nothing of the kind. "Rosalia," as the Italians term it, means simply the repetition of a phrase half a tone higher—and so, of a sequence of harmony. What would become of many of our composers without it?—A. S. S.]

"PURE ENGLISH OPERA—AN ANTIDOTE."

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

SIR,—I have read with a great deal of interest the letter in your valuable journal of the 15th inst., which is always foremost to uphold English talent. It is a disgrace and a blot upon us as a people—and a musical people, too—who lavish enormous sums of money annually upon foreign opera and foreign singers, that no one will come forward to encourage the English singer, composer, and author. I am quite certain the public are getting tired of the "flimsy rubbish" and "crudities and nudities" which has so long disgraced our stage, and would willingly pay to see such charming operas as the *Mountain Sylph*, *Amelia*, *Bohemian Girl*, or the *Daughter of St. Mark*. I am one of those strange animals who believe we have authors and composers quite equal to the task of producing similar original works; and, in a short time, singers to execute them. I quite agree with your correspondent, Miss English Opera, "that music has the same claim upon the nation as her sister arts—art and science—and should be equally cared for," and could be raised to the very highest standard for a tithe of what is spent upon South Kensington. Do let us hope that the Duke of Edinburgh will take the matter seriously in hand, and a move will be made in the right direction, to place "*English Opera*" once more upon the stage in all her old refinement. This would be the means of imparting a purer taste to the rising generation, and clearing the atmosphere of our drawing-rooms, which is the cause of the present "fast (vulgar!) young lady" and "young gentleman"—because they have become so familiar with the coarse style of singing and acting in burlesques—it has permeated like a pestilence!—and the only antidote is *pure English Opera*. Everybody knows what a generous-hearted Englishman the Earl of Dudley is; whose office as President of the Royal Academy of Music at once stamps his Lordship as the leading patron of music in England, and most nobly he has proved himself to be so in many instances. I am quite sure the claim of "*English Opera*" only wants being brought before his Lordship by the leading composers, and they would not only have his deep sympathy but all his influence to bring it to a successful issue.—Yours, &c., R. C.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. W. F. TAYLOR, the solo pianist and director of the series of twelve concerts that have lately taken place in the Museum of Fire Arms, Peckham Rye, had a complimentary benefit given to him on Monday last, the 17th inst., when he had the assistance of the Misses Edith and Gertrude Holman Andrews, Miss Staddon, Mr. Carter, Mr. Wigg, (a new tenor, who has just been appointed soloist at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate,) Mr. Levisohn, Mr. Tom Browne, &c., all of whom acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of a numerous audience. The Misses Andrews well sustained their rising reputation, and sang their duets, accompanied by Mr. Taylor, in an artistic manner. Miss Edith won an enthusiastic recall for "I leave my heart at home," by Mr. Taylor, and Miss Gertrude for a song by Sir Henry Bishop. Mr. Wigg, who has a pure tenor voice, made a marked effect in Mr. Taylor's "Friends again" (companion song to "Memory Green.") Both Miss Staddon and Mr. Levisohn fairly won recalls, the lady for "She wore a wreath of roses," and the gentleman for the "Village Blacksmith." In the instrumental part was included an *Andante*, *Mimel*, and *Trio* (M.S.), from a quartet by W. F. Taylor, admirably played by the composer and Messrs. Tom Browne, Spiller, and Imhoff. It was very favourably received, but we must hear the whole before giving critical judgment upon it. Mr. Taylor and his very little pupil, Miss Hamilton, won each an encore for their performances of Mr. Taylor's *Fantasias*, "Scotland," and "Afloat," and Mr. Donajowski gave good aid in accompanying the vocal music.

MR. ROBERT TEMPLE, assisted by his pupils, gave, on Thursday the 6th inst., an evening concert at the National Schools, Portland Town, St. John's Wood. The programme was both well selected and satisfactorily carried out. Among the most pleasing performances were Mrs. Noble's artistic rendering of J. P. Knight's song, "She wore a wreath of roses," "The Pilot," sung with effect and feeling by Mr. Arthur Liberty; and Hérold's overture to *Zampa*, charmingly executed as a pianoforte duet by Miss Bessie Strong and the concert-giver. Mr. Robert Temple, through the efficiency of his pupils, has good reason to congratulate himself on the complete success of the entertainment.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BLAGROVE'S first concertina and pianoforte recital took place on Thursday evening week, at the Beethoven Rooms, before a numerous and select audience. The first piece in the programme was Regondi's and Oberthür's brilliant Duet on *Oberon*, for concertina and piano, splendidly played by the *beneficiaires*. Miss Edith Holman Andrews (who sang in place of Miss Hancock, announced in the programme,) obtained deserved success in some songs by Linley, Blumenthal, and Sullivan. Miss Jenny Pratt was deservedly applauded in Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," and was greatly admired for the style in which she gave songs by Mr. W. H. Eayres and Miss Virginia Gabriel. Mrs. R. Blagrove played with exquisite taste and fine expression Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor (the "Moonlight Sonata"), and performed most brilliantly Signor Tito Mattei's "Grande Valse de Concert"; she also joined her husband in J. S. Bach's Sonata in E major (No. 3), of which the original violin part was arranged for the concertina. Besides the concerted pieces mentioned, Mr. R. Blagrove played a Concerto for concertina, by Bosen; the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore*; and a fantasia of his own composition, on Signor Schira's fine opera, *Nicolo di Lapi*, in all of which his playing was greatly admired.

MADAME GREIFFENHAGEN'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—Madame Greiffenhagen, a pupil of the late M. Auber, who may be recollected as Miss Helen Condel, when *prima donna* in Balfe's opera, *The Castle of Aymen*, during Mr. Maddox's operatic management at the Princess's Theatre, gave a musical *Soirée* at 10, Upper Bedford Place, which was fully attended. Several choruses were given by a choir of fresh voices, drilled by Madame Greiffenhagen, selected from *Guillaume Tell*, *Mercadante's Vestale*, &c. The Misses Nash, in "Lift thine eyes," from *Elphigah*, sang extremely well, as did Miss Helen Muir and Messrs. Mann and Barclay, in a duet from *La Favorita* and *Il Barbiere*. Miss K. Shury, in Adam's song (with clarinet *obbligato*, Mr. Cattermole), "Le Retour à la Montagne," gave much pleasure. Besides being a clarinet player, Mr. Cattermole is a vocalist, and showed his talent to advantage in a duet with Miss Henley, Miss Emily Muir sang most artistically Benedict's Variations de Concert on "The Carnival of Venice," and was deservedly applauded by all present, as was also Mr. Kenningham, in a charming song of Francesco Berger's, "At last." Mr. Alexander Billet delighted the audience by a most admirable performance of one of his own pianoforte solos. The *Soirée* was a success, and Madame Greiffenhagen has reason to be gratified.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave a miscellaneous concert in St. John's Schools, Angell Town, on Thursday, February 13th, which formed one of a series of performances in aid of the St. John's Schools and other charities of the district. The vocalists were Miss Jessie Royd, Miss

Agnes Drummond, Miss Alice Barnett, and Mr. Henry Guy, who exerted themselves to the manifest satisfaction of an audience of seven hundred persons. Miss Jessie Royd and Mr. Henry Guy were extremely effective in the late Vincent Wallace's duet, "O, Maritana." Miss Royd was encored in Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Somebody." Mr. Guy in "The death of Nelson," and Miss Drummond in a Scotch ballad. Mrs. Macfarren bowed her acknowledgments to the great applause which followed both her solos,—pieces by Schulhoff and Briseac.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The Orchestral Festival took place as announced, and was a great success. *Apocryph* of it, an Edinburgh paper says:—

"We cannot close this final notice of the Orchestral Festival without some brief acknowledgment of the manner in which Professor Oakeley has discharged the responsible duties falling to his share in connection with it. That, in so comparatively short a time after the severe accident which befell him last year, he should have thrown into the arrangements for the Festival the amount of energy necessary to make it so complete a success as it has proved, speaks volumes for his devotion to his work, and his determination to perform that work in the way that will be most beneficial to the whole population of Edinburgh. The music lovers of this city have every year greater reason to understand the difference between a zealous and a perfunctory fulfilment of the public duties attaching to the Musical Chair of the University. We believe that Professor Oakeley selected all the orchestral works that have been presented during the Festival, with one slight exception, and the selection is one that does infinite credit to his taste and judgment. Masterpieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, and Rossini, have been presented; and we do not know that a wider choice could well have been desired, especially when it is borne in mind that variety and novelty have been kept in view in the selection."

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. De Jong's last concert introduced, for the first time, in the Free Trade Hall, and the second time in Manchester, (her first appearance here was at Mr. Horton C. Allison's concert, last February,) an excellent young contralto singer, Miss Jessie Bond. She sang, with great feeling, Blumenthal's "Sailor boy's farewell," and Randegger's "Sleep, dearest, sleep" (to which Mr. Van Biene played an *obbligato* accompaniment on the violoncello), and she was loudly encored in both. The other features of the concert were Mr. De Jong's own *Rondo Capriccioso*, which he played to perfection, (receiving an ovation, in response to which he repeated it), and three organ solos (one of which was a portion of Mr. Prout's admirable new organ Concerto) ably performed by Mr. Bridge. The orchestral works were the overtures to *Don Giovanni* and *La Gazza Ladra*, a selection from *Robert le Diable*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie* March.

ABINGDON.—In the *Oxford Chronicle*, of Feb. 15th, we read as follows:—

"The concert given in the County Hall, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the restoration and enlargement of the organ in St. Helen's Church, was a great success. The following artists were engaged:—Madame Thaddeus Wells, Mr. Henry Nicholson (solo flautist), Mr. T. Hunt, Mr. Orlando Christian, and Miss Lazarus—solo pianoforte and accompanist. Madame Thaddeus Wells, in 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' elicited the heartiest applause and acknowledged the encore by singing 'She wore a wreath of roses.' After her next song, Bishop's 'Lo! here the gentle lark' (accompanied by Mr. Nicholson), the audience again demanded an encore. Mr. Nicholson's flute solos were among the finest performances ever heard in this hall, and drew forth a most hearty encore. The singing of both Mr. Christian and Mr. Hunt was highly appreciated. We must not omit to speak of the pianoforte solos of Miss Lazarus, admirably performed and warmly received. Mr. F. K. Couldrey, organist of St. Helen's Church, under whose superintendence this musical treat was brought about, deserves unqualified praise."

NOTTINGHAM.—In noticing the recent performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman* at Nottingham, the local *Journal*, after awarding due praise to the magnificent singing of Mr. Santley, observed:—

"Mlle. Enriquez gave fine interpretation to the recitative, 'Come, and on thy bosom press me,' spoken by the loving Timna to her leprosy-stricken husband, who exclaims, through the mouth of Mr. Vernon Rigby, 'Embrace me not; I must be strange to thee,' the famous tenor giving appropriate expression to the mournful sadness of the unfortunate Naaman. If, however, Mr. Rigby was successful in his rendering of Naaman's earnest appeal to his wife not to embrace him on account of his ill, he was much more so in the air in which Naaman invokes death. He sang these beautiful and touching verses with the most profound expression, and, to use an old and hackneyed

phrase, almost 'electrified' his audience by his rendering of the last verse, in which Naaman cries in the bitterness of his soul 'Oh! that I here might die.' The next part of the performance which took our attention, and, indeed, the attention of the whole of the audience, was the singing of Mdle. Carola. We have never had the pleasure of hearing this talented lady in Nottingham on any former occasion, but we can safely say that she ranks amongst the first of oratorio singers, and there are few indeed, whose voices are better adapted to interpret the music of *Naaman*. The freshness and exquisite beauty of her voice—now loud and thrilling, and now soft and gentle—coupled with a certain delicacy of finish, charmed the whole audience. The fair artist was cheered to the echo."

SALTASH.—A local paper says:—

"On behalf of the funds of the Saltash Literary Institution, which, it is to be hoped, will be materially benefited by the effort, a concert was given last evening, and, musically, was highly successful. Miss Elcho, a pianist of note, who is stated to have been very successful during the past season in London, was the prominent artist, and her execution showed that she in every way deserved the high position which she has obtained. The other vocalists and instrumentalists were the Misses Jones, J. Frost, L. Frost, E. Frost, and Mr. Matthews, local amateurs, each of whom evinced considerable talent."

TURBO.—Mrs. John Macfarren gave a performance of pianoforte and vocal music in the new Assembly Rooms, on Friday, Feb. 7, assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond and Mr. Henry Guy. The number of executants being limited to three, it is remarkable how great an amount of variety was included in the programme. Mrs. John Macfarren contributed several brilliant and well contrasted solos, in each and all of which she was enthusiastically applauded. Among these may specially be cited Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata;" the tenderness, the passion, and all the subtle charms of which she fully revealed. The fresh and very telling views of Miss Agnes Drummond (soprano), and Mr. Henry Guy (tenor), were heard to great advantage in three duets. Miss Agnes Drummond was encored in Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart," as was Mr. Henry Guy in the same composer's "My own, my guiding star," and his own ballad, "Philomel." Mrs. Macfarren repeated a portion of Brissac's Welsh Fantasia by general desire.

WAIFS.

The advent of the Italian Opera troupe in Boston creates quite a stir among the lovers of music, and furnishes a ready topic of conversation to all classes. It imparts a life and spirit to many branches of business; the milliners are in their element, the gentlemen's furnishing stores are rejoiced, for there is an unwonted activity in white kids and delicate neckties. Opticians are in the most smiling mood at the ready sale of double-barrelled lorgnettes, and hackmen are temporarily insane by lavish prosperity. As for music stores and publishers of books of the opera, they are thronged with customers; and the visit of Lucca is generally looked upon by a large class as a grateful dispensation of Divine Providence.—*Boston Globe*.

The Italian Opera Company has been even more successful in Boston than the managers anticipated. It was supposed the late disastrous fire in that city would have a bad effect; but not only was the first performance of the season attended by a fashionable and crowded audience, but almost every succeeding one has been the same. Pauline Lucca has literally captured the Bostonians. The press, without exception, mentions both her vocal and dramatic powers in the highest terms, and at the opera she has received plaudits and bouquets enough to satisfy any *prima donna*. When leaving Boston the company will go to Hartford and Providence, and then, perhaps, to Chicago and other Western cities, expecting to return to New York in the latter part of February or beginning of March.—*New York Herald*.

Tannhäuser was to be produced at Brussels on the 19th inst.

Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* was to be revived, on Thursday last, at the Opéra Comique.

Mr. William Mazzinghi was appointed, last Monday, librarian of "The William Salt" library, at Stafford.

The German copyright of *La Coupe du Roi de Thule* has been bought by Spina, of Vienna, for 12,000 francs.

Signora Isabella Fabbria, a contralto of note in Italy, has just died at Liebon, where she had for some time resided.

It is said that Herr Strackosh has engaged M. Capoul for his American campaign at the end of the present year.

Salt Lake is to have a new theatre, "void of sticks and other priest-hoodist eccentricities," as we learn from the Gentile print of that ilk.

Mr. Mathews, of the Waterford Cathedral, was appointed organist of Queenstown Parish Church, on Wednesday, in place of Mr. Henry, resigned.

The latest example of laconic reporting is:—"An Indian opened a can of nitro-glycerine with his tomahawk, and left. Search resulted in 'no Indian.'"

"*Leo and Lotos*" at Niblo's, New York, has proved a greater hit than was anticipated in the beginning, and it continues to draw excellent houses.

The valuable library of the late Edwin Forrest was destroyed by fire on the 14th ult., involving a loss of 20,000 dols. The Shakespearean folio of 1623, valued at 8,000 dols., was among the books burned.

Le Monde Artiste tells us that the rivalry of two singers resulted in a free fight among the audience assembled at the Sira theatre. The manager parted the combatants by ordering the firemen to play upon them with the engine. Cold water calmed their noble rage.

It appears that Carl Beethoven, the scapegrace nephew of the great musician, left a widow, four daughters, and one son. The widow still lives in Vienna; of the daughters, three are married and have large families; while the son, Louis van Beethoven, is a poor journalist at Munich.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon have presented to Dr. Spark, of Leeds, a souvenir in the shape of a gold pin set with nine brilliants, and valued at one hundred guineas, as a memento of the success of the ode composed by the Doctor on the coming of age of the Earl de Grey last month.

One of the features of Mr. Sothern's "Brother Sam," which still holds its place at Wallack's, is the remarkably faultless English of the London fop. Lord Dundreary talks of Sam as in this country, which will account for the fact that he can speak the language correctly.—*New York Herald*.

Playgoers with travelling proclivities may be recommended to see the "Message from the Sea" at the Surrey Theatre. Miss Virginia Blackwood's Mog, the maid-of-all-work, rejoicing in mischief, and with feelings all on virtue's side, is a veritable "creation" of a kind not often to be witnessed.

Kate Field tartly says:—"It is a crime, apparently, to be a contralto. The world has gone mad over sopranos. Only shriek on *Calt*, and you bring down the house. Sing a contralto *largo*, with exquisite phrasing and voice, and applause will be comparatively mild. Truly, as has been said, art now is loud; whereas, formerly, it was long."

We are glad to hear of the success achieved in opera, at Leghorn, by Signor Ugo Talbo (Mr. Hugh Brennan), who was, not long ago, well known among London musical amateurs. He appeared as Faust in Gounod's opera, and fairly overcame Italian prejudices against him as an Englishman. Mr. Brennan is engaged to sing at Leghorn throughout the Carnival.

Nothing will impede waves of sound better than leaves of plants. If a lecturer were to attempt to deliver a discourse in a conservatory, he would find it difficult to make himself heard, even within a few yards of his audience. In a building where the walls echo, it is only necessary to place round it a few large plants in boxes; there will then be no reflecting sound.

Wagner and Liszt Concerts are shortly to be given at Hanover Square. An eminent architect has declared that the roof of the concert-room is strong enough to withstand the strain. Cotton-wool will be provided for those who are anxious about the drums—of their ears; and list slippers for those who wish to execute a *fugato* movement during the Liszt Concerto.—*Hornet*.

The following letter was sent to the Editor of the *New York Musical Gazette*:—

"Mr. Editor,—I send you a peas of mussick wich it is my furst chomp position in mussick wich if it wirthy of a plas in the N. Y. Mussick Gas it i shal be mutch obblid and wont chang you anny thing fur printing my peas in the Gas it.—Yures Truly
"Jan. 15 73."

The *Boston Journal* contained the following, the morning after the performance of Ambrose Thomas's *Mignon*:—"At the Opera last night, a French work, translated into Italian, was performed before a house full of Americans, with the following remarkable distribution of nationalities in the leading rôles: one Austrian, one American, one Spaniard, one German, one Englishman, one Frenchman, and a single Italian. The performance was conducted by a Moravian."

A farmer who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in United States' securities, went into a broker's office to obtain some "five-twenties." The clerk inquired, "What denomination will you have them, sir?" Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish sects, the farmer, after a little deliberation, replied, "Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady; but give me the heft on't in Free-Will Baptist."

Beethoven's Choral Symphony is said to have been magnificently performed at the Paris Conservatoire on Sunday week. Its reception was enthusiastic beyond precedent. The Symphony was repeated on Sunday last.

The second centenary of Molière will be celebrated in the Palais de l'Industrie next May. Special performances of his works will be given eight days in succession by the artists of the Théâtre Français, the Odeon, and the French theatre of St. Petersburg.

The Second Subscription Concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, is announced to take place on Wednesday next (Ash Wednesday), on which occasion the *Messiah*, will be performed, the solo singers being Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. Dr. Stainer will preside at the Organ, and the Band and Chorus will number 1200. Judging from the effect produced by the Society at the last Concert, a fine performance may be anticipated.

BRESLAU.—The members of Soller's Musical Union lately gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie* music, under the direction of their conductor, Herr Adolph Golde. The solos were entrusted to Mdlle. Breidenstein, of this place, Mdles. Dotter and Schmidt, of the Court Theatre, Weimar, Mdlle. Ethel, of the same theatre, undertaking the spoken part. The harp-music was creditably executed by Mdme. von Kavicacies. The programme of Part I, contained, among other things, Herr H. Dorn's *Nibelungen* overture.

FRANKFURT-ON-THAINE.—Herr Joseph Joachim appeared at the Eighth Concert, and the Seventh *Soirée* for Chamber Music, given by the Museum Society. The magic of his name was evidenced by the fact that, on both occasions, the large concert-room could not show a vacant place. Among the pieces with which the great violinist delighted his admirers at the concert may be mentioned Schumann's "Abendlied," Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; the Concerto in "Ungarische Weise;" and J. M. Leclair's "Sarabande und Tambourin," a piece dating from about the middle of the last century. At the *Soirée* for Chamber Music he took part in the Quartet, Op. 59, No. 2, in E minor, by Beethoven; in Haydn's Op. 74, No. 3, in G minor, and in Brahms' Sextet, Op. 18, in B flat major.

ROTTERDAM.—Herr and Mdme. Joachim appeared at the third concert given by the "Erudito Musica" Society. Among the pieces performed were a Cantata, composed by Marcello, and scored by Herr Joachim, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schumann's Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra, and an Orchestral March, by Joachim. Mdme. Joachim sang several songs.

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